

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, OR Journal of Belles Lettres, Politics and Fashion.

NO. XXVIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1817.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

**THE SEXAGENARIAN; or, THE RECOLLECTIONS of a LITERARY LIFE.** 8vo. 2 vols. Published by Rivingtons. Price 1l. 1s.

It may appear a strange way of beginning the Review of a work to transcribe the Postscript, but in the present instance it appears to be the most expedient.

It will not perhaps be a very easy matter, at this period of the work, to recal the mind of the reader from fiction to reality, and to persuade him of the melancholy truth, that the Sexagenarian is now no more. The circumstances attending this event are of an interesting, almost even of an awful nature. To engage the attention more deeply in his narrative, and to relieve it of the egotism attached to self-biography, the Sexagenarian had adopted the third person instead of the first in many parts of the work. He had supposed, that after his death, a friend had discovered a number of scattered materials, from which these volumes were to be formed, and had so supplied the connecting links as to make the history complete. In adopting this plan, he was enabled to give the narrative many little lively turns, which the natural playfulness of his mind suggested. In this manner he had proceeded, sustaining the character of himself and his friend, within a few pages of the conclusion of his work, and had even corrected the press down to the present sheet. Little perhaps did he think how prophetic was his plan, and that on his own death-bed he should in reality entrust to a friend that office, which in fiction he had supposed to have been committed to his care. To present these Memoirs to the world, and explain the peculiar circumstances under which they are published, was the dying request of the Sexagenarian, to one who knew and who valued his worth. He had scarcely entered upon his sixtieth year, and had just entitled himself to the appellation which in his work he had assumed, when he was suddenly called from an existence of much bodily pain and suffering. His life had been chequered by various events both of a prosperous and of an adverse nature. In the paths of literature his exertions had been attended with the most gratifying success. He had moved in the first circles of life; he had been fostered by the great, and rewarded by the good. No man, perhaps, of his age, possessed larger or more varied resources of curious and entertaining scholarship. In literary anecdote, he was rich and fertile; in neat and appropriate citations, he was unrivalled. His conversation was easy, elegant, and communicative; and no scholar could leave his company without an addition to his stock of knowledge. As a friend he was respected and beloved; among his acquaintance, indeed,

his good-humour was almost proverbial. His open and generous nature was too often a dupe to the treacherous, and a prey to the designing. His latter days were spent in retirement from those busy scenes, in which he had formerly borne a conspicuous part. In the last two years of his life, he amused himself with the composition of the preceding Memoirs, which display an extensive knowledge of the events and the characters of a former day. Many of the personages there described, like the hand which records them, are now in the dust, and have left their name only and their memories behind.

Would the reader inquire the end of the Sexagenarian, would he know how a life so spent was concluded, let him be assured, that his last hours were those of a good and pious man; that he departed in the same faith and fear in which he had lived. And happy will he be, who, after a life so actively and so usefully employed, shall repose upon a death-bed so calm, and so Christian, as that of the Sexagenarian.

Such was the plan, and such the fate of poor BELOE, the Sexagenarian! Should the writer of this article ever have to record similar occurrences at a similar period of life, it would be one of his earlier recollections, that he had more than once met in society where the conversational talents to which so just a tribute is here paid, were exerted to the delight and information of the social circle.

The Postscript so perfectly explains the nature and object of these volumes, that it would be impertinent to enlarge upon the subject. They contain a series of contemporary biographical portraits, and of curious anecdotes: the former are all of them easily recognized by persons who have mixed in the literary world, or who are only common readers, —and most of them must be familiar to every apprehension; the latter are full of whimsicality and interest. To the accuracy of the characteristic sketches we can, as far as our own acquaintance goes, in most instances, cordially subscribe. Two or three are, we think, rather roughly handled; but the Sexagenarian displays no malice, even where he takes no pains to conceal that he felt resentment. This sometimes tinges the colouring, but it never destroys the lineaments.

It is impossible but that such a life of intercourse with the great, the learned, the mixed world, should abound with incident, and furnish ample stores for the common-place book of any man, though of infinitely less observation and powers

of mind than Mr. Beloe. His is a very cornucopia of amusement, from the history of his College companions, many of them since Bishops, Judges, Peers, and Senators, to the latest date of his observation; through the whole classes of Poets, Politicians, Authors, Blue Stockings, Booksellers, &c. &c. &c. with whom, in the course of a long and various career, he had lived on terms of intimacy or friendship.

Of a production drawn from such a multitude of springs, and collected during so protracted a period, it appears to us, that the only mode of affording a competent idea, is to lay before the public very copious extracts. Sure we are, that we could scarcely apply ourselves to a work where we should have so short a way to search for what is agreeable and entertaining.

Ex. Gr. Poetry ascribed to Professor Porson.

ON THE POPULAR PLAY OF PIZARRO.  
As I walked through the Strand so careless and gay,  
I met a young girl who was wheeling a barrow;  
Choice fruit, Sir, said she, and a bill of the play;  
So my apples I bought, and set off for Pizarro.  
When I got to the door, I was squeezed, and cried dear me,  
I wonder they made the entrance so narrow;  
At last I got in, and found every one near me  
Was busily talking of Mr. Pizarro.  
Lo! the hero appears, what a strut and a stride!  
He might easily pass for a marshal to-morrow  
And Elvira so tall, neither virgin nor bride,  
The loving companion of gallant Pizarro.  
But Elvira, alas! turned so dull and so prosy,  
That I longed for a hornpipe by little Del Caro;  
Had I been 'mong the Gods I had surely cried  
Nony,  
Come play up a jig, and a fig for Pizarro.  
On his wife and his child his affection to pay,  
Alonzo stood gazing, and straight as an arrow  
Of him I have only this little to say,  
His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro.  
Then the priestess and virgins, in robes white and flowing,  
Walked solemnly on like a sow and her farrow,  
And politely informed the whole house they were going  
To entreat heaven's curses on noble Pizarro.  
Rolla made a fine speech with such logic and grammar,  
As must sure raise the envy of Counsellor Garrow:  
It would sell for five pounds (were it brought to the hammer),  
For it raised all Peru against valiant Pizarro.  
Four acts are tol lol, but the fifth's my delight,  
Where history's traced with the pen of a Varro,  
And Elvira in black, and Alonzo in white,  
Put an end to the piece by killing Pizarro.

I have finished my song, if it had but a tune,  
Nancy Dawson won't do, nor the sweet Banks  
of Yarrow;

I vow I would sing it from morning till noon,  
So much am I charmed with the play of  
Pizarro.

We shall observe no order in these sections. The next is a very curious circumstance:

In the year 1720, celebrated for the bursting of the South Sea bubble, a gentleman called late in the evening at the banking-house of Messrs. Hankies and Co.—He was in a coach, but refused to get out, and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him. Having ascertained that it was really one of the principals, and not a clerk, who appeared, he put into his hands a parcel, very carefully sealed up and protected, and desired that it might be laid on one side till he should call again, which would be in the course of a very few days. A few days passed away—a few weeks did the same, and indeed some months also, but the stranger returned no more.

At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel in the presence of each other. They found it to contain thirty thousand pounds, with a letter, stating that it was obtained by the South Sea speculation, and directing that it should now be vested in the hands of three trustees, whose names were given, and the interest appropriated to the relief of the poor.

What particular class of poor—whether the poor of London or of Westminster, or the poor sufferers by the bubble, was not specified, and the vagueness of the instructions rendered the matter extremely perplexing. Under this difficulty, the partners or the trustees very properly applied to the Lord Mayor and to the Law Officers of the Crown. If we are correct, Sir Dudley Ryder was Attorney General at the time. It was agreed, that the capital should be vested in the names of the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Attorney General, for the time being and to come, and that each of the three gentlemen nominated by the stranger as trustees, should have the interest of ten thousand pounds, to be distributed at his discretion for the use of the poor. The stranger was never heard of afterwards.

One of the trustees was a gentleman of Norfolk, whose family was well known to the Sexagenarian. During his life, he had a room fitted up with cases, shelves, drawers, &c. which was called the Poor's Room, and where coats, waistcoats, shirts, shifts, shoes, blankets, &c. were deposited for the use of proper applicants. The effect of this for the time, was the total annihilation of the poor-rates in the particular parish where this trustee resided.

The following is told of an individual, who, from meanness and poverty, rose to wealth and that dignity which money bestows:

A whimsical anecdote is recorded of the above individual. When riches began to abound, he must needs set up his carriage, and he applied to the parson of the parish

to furnish him with a motto. This same person was a most eccentric character—very fond of his pipe—still more fond of his bottle—but withal, was very learned, and had an abundant store of facetiousness and humour. On his wealthy friend's application for a motto, he gave him the following:—"Quo mihi fortunam?"

This was accordingly placed upon the carriage; but some of the banker's half-learned friends pretended to dispute its accuracy; upon which, out of humour he remonstrated with his clerical adviser for imposing an incorrect motto upon him. "Friend Roger," replied the old gentleman, "do you support your carriage, and I'll support the motto." The motto is indeed remarkable for the seeming spirit of prophecy with which it was communicated. The motto serves—the coach is no more.

Anecdote of an Irish Bishop now living:

A young dashing Clergyman of high connections, who had a curacy in the diocese, did not think it important to be particularly rigid and punctual in the discharge of his duty, but was too easily detained by the allurements and blandishments of Dublin, from his too indulgent parishioners. This at length reached his Lordship's ears, who determined to ascertain the fact himself.

Accordingly, on a Sunday he proceeded to Church, where he heard no bell knolling to Church, saw no parishioners chatting in the porch, nor any preparation for divine service. With some difficulty the clerk was found, to whom his Lordship was known.

"Why is there no preparation for divine service?" asked the Bishop. "My Lord," said the clerk, "our young master has not been among us this fortnight." "Ring the bell immediately," said the Bishop. Upon this a congregation was soon assembled, to whom his Lordship read prayers and preached.

The Bishop presumed that intelligence of this matter would be communicated to the defaulting curate; but he nevertheless chose to make a second experiment of the kind, and on the following Sunday repeated his visit to the same village. Here he found things precisely as before—no bell knolled to Church—no peasants sitting on the gravestones—no visible signs of population. The Bishop a second time sent for the clerk, assembled the congregation, and performed the duty as before.

The following are taken at random:

Querist.—Where, observed a Roman Catholic, in warm dispute with a Protestant, where was your religion before Luther?

Q. Did you wash your face this morning?

A. Yes.

Q. Where was your face before it was washed?

I wish you at the devil, said somebody to Wilkes.

I don't wish you there.

Why?

Because I never wish to meet you again.

Where the devil do you come from? said Wilkes to a beggar in the Isle of Wight.

From the devil.

What is there going on there?

Much the same as here.

What's that?

The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.

The following may with greater probability be assigned to Jekyll than to Wilkes.

Your friend N. is married.

To whom?

The tall Miss G.

What! to that thin lanky piece of furniture? It could not be from the lust of the flesh, for she has not an ounce upon her.

At a dinner where great satisfaction was expressed, it was facetiously proposed that the president should proceed to the kitchen, and kiss the cook.

That, observed \* \* \*, would be a salute at Spithead.

A pert young Lady was walking one morning on the Steyne at Brighton, when she encountered our facetious friend. You see, Mr. \* \* \*, I am come out for a little sun and air.

You had better, Madam, get a little husband first.

A woman of decent appearance came into a stationer's shop, where the Sexagenarian was present, and desired to purchase a pen, for which she paid a penny. On receiving it, she returned it with the observation that it was good for nothing. Another was given her, but she gave this also back again with the same remark. On being asked what fault she had to find with them,—"Why how," she returned, "could they possibly be good for any thing, when both had a slit at the end?"

There was a heavy Lord Mayor in Wilkes's time, who, by persevering steadily in the pursuit of one object, accumulated an immense fortune, and rose progressively from the dignity of Common Councilman to the State Coach, and the Mansion House. His first entrance into life was as a common bricklayer. At one of the Old Bailey dinners, his Lordship, after a sumptuous repast on turbot and venison, was eating an immense quantity of butter with his cheese—"Why Brother," said Wilkes, "you lay it on with a trowel."

There is a singular anecdote of this same Lord Mayor, demonstrative of the parsimonious principles, by the exercise of which he doubtless rose to opulence. His only son was brought up in the same profession, and one day fell from a scaffold, and was killed by the fall. The father, who was present, on seeing the accident only exclaimed, "Take care of his watch."

In the riots of the year 1780, which at the same time endangered and disgraced the metropolis, Wilkes was lamenting the ungovernable violence of a London mob;—upon this, some brother citizen took him up shortly, and reminded him of the disturbances of which he had formerly been the occasion. "Sir," returned Wilkes, "I never was a Wilkite."

Upon another occasion, Wilkes attended a city dinner, not long after his promotion to city honours. Among the guests was a noisy vulgar deputy, a great glutton, who on his entering the dinner-room always with great deliberation took off his wig, suspended it upon a pin, and with due solemnity put on

a white cotton night-cap. Wilkes, who was certainly a high-bred man, and never accustomed to such exhibitions, could not take his eyes from so strange and novel a picture. At length the deputy, with unblushing familiarity, walked up to Wilkes, and asked whether he did not think that his night-cap became him? "Oh! yes, Sir," replied Wilkes, "but it would look much better if it was pulled quite over your face."

Boswell was speaking of some Scotch nobleman, who was very fond of planting, and had ornamented his domain with some very fine and beautiful forest trees. "Where could this possibly be?" said Wilkes; "I travelled through the country with an American servant, and after we had visited various places in different parts of Scotland, I inquired of him what his general opinion was of the country?" "Oh Sir!" replied the American, "it is finely cleared."

We shall close these selections for the present with some extremely interesting information relative to literature. Of Bruce, the traveller, with whom the Sexagenarian corresponded on a friendly footing, it is stated—

On his first return from his remote and protracted travels, he had some questions proposed to him on the subject of the Bible in the language of Abyssinia, by a venerable and highly distinguished member of our Church, which he answered very satisfactorily. He afterwards voluntarily undertook to translate literally a number of proposed texts from the Pentateuch of the Abyssinian Bible, in order that they might be compared with the English version. He did do this, but they were unfortunately mislaid among his numerous papers. They, however, are most probably in existence, and may hereafter appear.

A very ingenious clergyman, who was also well versed in the Oriental languages, made a Catalogue Raisonné of Bruce's manuscript library, which of itself would be very acceptable to the learned world. The manuscripts, however, it is to be hoped, will not be permitted to remain buried in Scotland, but, as they are of the greatest importance to the elucidation of Scripture, will hereafter be deposited in some of the public libraries of this country.

The following are some of these manuscripts:—

The Old Testament in five volumes, which do not contain the Psalms, but have a copy of Ludolph's Æthiopic Psalter.

This was transcribed for Mr. Bruce at Gondar, by scribes of the country, upon vellum. The character is clear and beautiful, and there are marginal variations. Many of the books begin and end with a prayer; and as there was never before in Europe a perfect copy of the Æthiopic Scriptures, means should be taken to supply the Christian Church in Africa with a complete copy of the Bible.

The fourth volume contains the book of Enoch. There is moreover the New Testament in Æthiopic, in two volumes, also upon vellum.

The first volume contains a preliminary

discourse upon the Gospels, and the Masoretic analysis of the verses and paragraphs.

The Apostolic writings are also found in two volumes, upon vellum. These four volumes, in all probability, compose the only perfect copy of the New Testament in Europe, written in the language of Abyssinia.

Another volume contains the constitutions of the Apostles. Another has the title of Synaxar, and is an history of the Saints venerated in Abyssinia.

The Arabic manuscripts are numerous and valuable.

It may not, perhaps, be impertinent to subjoin, that among Bruce's manuscripts is a Coptic manuscript on Papyrus.

It was found among the ruins of Thebes, in Egypt. It is written in the Sahidic or Theban dialect of the Coptic, that is, of the language of the Pharaohs. The above manuscript has been described by Dr. Woide.

**HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AND TRAVELS IN AFRICA.** By the late JOHN LEYDEN, M. D. *enlarged and completed to the present Time, &c.* by HUGH MURRAY, Esq. F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. Published by Constable and Co. Edinburgh, and Longman and Co. London, price 27s.

The intense anxiety felt by all classes of men in regard to the discoveries on the Continent of Africa, recently stimulated by expeditions sent out expressly by Government, as well as by individual efforts to explore these marvel-abounding regions; the romantic and perilous adventures of the travellers; the tragical termination of some of their lives; the great natural phenomenon of the Niger, and the ardent curiosity attached to the secret fate of that mighty river; the extraordinary moral and social condition of the inhabitants, their manners and customs; the mystery of African geography; the vague reports of great cities and strange empires in the interior; in short, every thing which can excite the human mind, seems to be combined in order to throw a surpassing degree of interest over all the branches of this subject.

We know of nothing within the circle of science at this period more stimulating than the state of Africa; and we are not surprised to find that there are no publications more generally attractive than travels into that quarter of the globe. Indeed, travels are always a favourite species of reading; and it is not extraordinary that they should augment their claims upon the public, when they lead us with all the attractions of fiction through the regions of reality, and bring to delight our minds not only the contemplation of nature and humanity in all their strangest forms and appearances, but obtained by an agency which adds the piquancy of individual intrepidity,

encountering every variety of danger, suffering, and fearful incident, to the general impressions of the new and the wonderful.

The information, which we may truly say every reader is desirous to obtain on these points, is scattered over many and expensive works; some of them old and scarce, others more modern, but still not all within the means of the middle classes. To these the present publication is in itself a library, and a library of more unmixed entertainment we never visited.

The original plan of a collection of this kind was formed by the lamented Dr. Leyden, whose "Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of Europeans in Northern and Western Africa," was published in Edinburgh in 1799. This valuable work met with the success due to its merit, and led the way to an undertaking on an enlarged scale, to embrace the history of the entire Continent as far as European intelligence reached. Dr. Leyden actually wrote a part of this work, when his labours were interrupted by that voyage to India, which, to the grief of many admiring friends and the loss of his country, never had a return. Upon this foundation the present able Editor seems to have proceeded, and, we are informed, has incorporated Dr. Leyden's researches with his own extended production, which, besides including the whole known history of Africa, traces the progress of discovery on that Continent from the earliest ages whence records are derived.

It will at once be seen that within such limits as ours, it is impossible to afford tests of the manner in which this excellent compilation is arranged, of the skill with which information is abridged while all its essentials are preserved, and of the pervading taste and diligence which in these volumes connects the original Author with the patient Editor. We shall only briefly state, that it fully performs what it proposes; and lays before us a vivid map of Africa from the era of Egyptian learning to this good hour of British brave and persevering inquiry. The contents of the work are principally the following:—"The discoveries of the ancients, commencing with the Phenicians under Necho; and passing through Grecian, Roman, and Arabian expeditions, to that period when the darkness of Europe began to be illuminated by the revival of literature. The voyages, settlements, and travels of the Portuguese are the next sources whence intelligence is drawn. To these succeed the discoveries of the French as detailed by Janniquin, Brue, Adanson, Saugnier, Brisson,



&c. The early English adventurers, Thompson, Jobson, Stibbs, &c. &c. are then ransacked for their stores, and the facts gathered by the African Institution are again extracted to fill this portion of Mr. Murray's work.

Approaching nearer our own times, poor Park affords copious supplies, and the productions of Browne, Horneman, Nicholls, and Jackson, are laid under contribution to perfect the picture. The interesting narratives of Adams and Riley complete the matter of the first volume; thus embracing the discoveries of the ancients, the discoveries during the middle ages, and the discoveries and travels in the interior to the latest period. The second volume contains the travels in the maritime countries of Africa; in Abyssinia from Covilham and Alvares to Bruce and Salt; in Egypt collected from Denon, Hamilton, and Legh; in Barbary from Keating, Ali Bey, Macgill, Blaquiere, and Tully; in Sierra Leone from Beaver and the African Reports; in Southern Africa from the intelligent Barrow, Lichtenstein, &c.; in the East from Vasco de Gama, &c. &c. When to all these we add admirable geographic and general views of Africa from the best authorities—a clever abstract of the theories respecting the Niger—a general view of the natural history of the country from the pen of Professor Jameson—and a general view of the moral and political state of that Continent, we are sure we shall have described the nature of a work which will procure us thanks for our pains, from all those who may be induced to peruse it on our report.

EXTRACT from the *Journal of the Circumnavigator* OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, sent to his Father. Communicated by the latter.—*Kamtschatka*, 10th June 1816.  
(Continued.)

On the 30th we saw the woody Pearhyns Islands, which the rising smoke showed to be inhabited. They seem to me to have great resemblance to the Coral Islands, but do not rise much above the surface of the water: they in like manner constitute a chain almost circular, united by coral-reefs, which form accordingly in the middle something like a basin, into which it seems impossible to penetrate on account of the reefs. Their woods consist chiefly of palm trees. As it was late, I tacked during the night. Early on the 1st of May a great many canoes rowed to us, each of which contained about twelve or thirteen men. I lay to, in hopes that they would bring me some provisions; but this was not their intention. They approached the *Rurik* within about the distance of 20 fathoms, and then left off rowing; and all of them began in concert a very melancholy song, which they accompanied with the most frightful grimaces.

After they had concluded this ceremony, they came, on a sign from me, nearer to the ship without the least fear, but had no kind of provisions to sell, except some unripe cocoa-nuts. Before an hour had passed, the *Rurik* was surrounded by thirty-six boats. The cries of the savages were so loud, that we on board the ship were obliged to halloo to one another to be heard. In every boat sat also an old man, who seemed to be a kind of commander, who had no other business than to hold up a palm branch, the well-known sign of peace. Only these old men wore their thumb-nails two inches long, probably to signify that they belong to higher classes. In vain I endeavoured to get them to come on board the ship—none of them ventured to do it, nor would they permit their subjects. As I saw that no provisions were to be had, I permitted my people to barter for some of their things; the sale was very brisk, and the noise redoubled: of all our goods they set the greatest value on large nails: before we showed them these, they would not for any price part with their lances; but as soon as the nails were shown them, every one eagerly gave his lance for a nail. These islanders may be compared in stature and size with the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands, but the latter have much more pleasing countenances. It is remarkable, that the Pearhyn Islanders do not tattoo their bodies, but, instead of this, scratch them all over. On many of them I saw bloody furrows crossing each other very irregularly over the whole body. The population of this island seems to be, in proportion to its extent, very considerable. A tempest gathered, the thunder roared, and a violent wind and rain forced me to leave the island. The islanders seemed to be very sorry at our departure, and following us with hideous cries for half an hour into the open sea, clambered up the ship's side and attempted to pull out some nails. This obliged me to have a musket fired over their heads. They perhaps had never before heard a musket shot, for scarcely did they hear the report when they threw themselves into the water and dived under. After a while they appeared again with frightened faces, but soon recovered themselves, reached their boats, and began their work anew, till our departure obliged them to quit us.

My intention was to cross the Equator at the 180th degree; but the incessant calms, accompanied with the most oppressive heat, induced me to take a more northerly course, to reach a latitude in which the monsoons are more steady. I intended to examine the North part of Mulgrave's Islands. On the 19th of May I crossed, according to my calculation, the chain, but saw no land: then sought for them more to the West, but to my astonishment could not find them there; and then steered again towards the North. During a sudden gust of wind, which tore some sails and ropes, I received a blow on the head which threw me down senseless. In about a quarter of an hour I again came to myself, but still remained delirious. The surgeon was afraid that I should never recover my senses. I remained so some hours. On the following day I was, thank

God, quite restored. On the 20th, also, I looked for Mulgrave's Islands in all directions, but did not find them, and convinced myself that they must be laid down wrong on the map. As the ship wanted some repairs, and I was obliged to hasten to Kamtschatka, I gave up looking, with the resolution to solve the riddle next year.

On the 21st of May we again discovered some low islands; on the shore of which a great many people were assembled, who seemed to look at our ship with astonishment. On many places we saw fires, without doubt an invitation for us. In the afternoon, on the leeward of these islands, we again discovered some new islands to the South. On the following morning a boat came. The savages in it showed us fruit, and invited us by signs to come on shore; but would not venture to come nearer to the ship than was necessary to speak conveniently with us; though we took considerable pains to entice them to us. We hoisted out a boat, into which Lieutenant Schischmareff, the naturalist Chamisso, and the painter Choris, got, and took some presents with them. At first the savages suffered them to come, without fear, close to them; and even seemed inclined to let the officer come into the boat. But they suddenly went away, throwing some fruit and a very handsome mat into our boat. A second boat came from the island and joined the first. It seemed as if they consulted what to do, but their decision was not in our favour; for they would not permit our boat to come near to them, and kept themselves at a considerable distance from the ship; but gave us to understand, by signs, that we might follow them on shore, where we should be supplied with fruit. Unfortunately I could not fulfil their wish, as every moment was precious to me.

The construction of their boats and their dexterity in managing them are remarkable. The boat has only one sail of finely-plaited mats, and with it they turn and guide the vessel with a skill which would do honour to Europeans. Nine or ten men were in each; and on the left sat the commander, on a raised seat covered with coloured mats. The order which prevailed in the boats, and in general the sensible behaviour of these islanders distinguishes them very much to their advantage. Their faces bear strong resemblance to the negroes, the colour is pretty black. Their dress consists of two mats, braided and ornamented with much art; one of which is before, and the other behind, tied around their waist and hanging down to the knee. On the neck they wore handsomely-worked ornaments, made of mother-of-pearl; and on their heads, red or yellow wreaths of feathers.

The passage between these two island groups is two (German) miles broad, and safe. The second group, which is quite like the first, seemed to me to be uninhabited, neither did I see any cocoa-trees. As they are not marked upon any map, I take them to be a new discovery, and give them the names of Kutusoff and Suwareff. They lie in latitude  $11^{\circ} 49' 46''$  and in longitude  $180^{\circ} 54'$ .



\* \* The following extract from an American Paper (the National Advocate) which arrived this week, gives an additional interest to this narrative, by conferring political, as well as scientific, importance on Russian voyages.

"The Russians, whom we have imagined to be a heavy and dull people, without spirit or enterprise, are giving us daily proofs to the contrary. They have taken possession of one of the islands in the Pacific Ocean, not far from the Sandwich Islands, and have already fortified the same. They will now derive the advantages of the whaling trade, one of the most profitable and necessary pursuits for the Russians, who consume great quantities of oil. We shall shortly find that nation, with their resources and active government, in every part of the world."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### Very—ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE TO HIMSELF.

My Dearest Friend,

Though this is the first letter I ever wrote to you, I trust you will excuse the familiarity of the address, and the more especially as I can assure you it can boast of greater truth than most "*Dears*" at the top of epistolary correspondence. But I hear you exclaim, Why take the trouble of writing to me, since you may at any private time let me know what you desire in person? To this my answer is, that I am of opinion a formal and public communication will have more weight on your mind; and since I don't grudge the trouble, you need not grudge the postage between us.

To come to the point then; I am credibly informed and believe, that you have undertaken the responsible office of editing the Literary Gazette; purporting to fill a chasm in the over-stocked periodical literature of this scribbling era, and to lay as it were a moving panorama of the learning, arts, sciences, political history, and moral and intellectual and ornamental advance of the age, continually before your readers. "*Audentes fortuna juvat!*" but my good fellow, the strength of Hercules, united to the talents of the admirable Creighton, and the calculative powers of the American Boy, would not suffice for the execution of so vast a task. I am afraid you have over-rated your capabilities, as my talkative friend in the Chapter Coffee-House calls them. Nay, even if you possess the allies you muster on the parade of your Prospectus, will the confederation be firm and united in the field of the Work? Can you trust in your Regulars and rely on your Volunteers? If not, the Lord have mercy upon your rash soul, for you will soon have a host of enemies. Ah! Mr. Editor! Mr.

Editor! I am afraid you have not well considered either your difficulties or your dangers.—"Ira que tegitur nocet;" but comfort ye! this is only one half of your troubles. You review new books, forsooth; every censure makes an author and his partizans your foes. You criticise the Drama; have you forgotten, or did you never attend to what Shakespeare says of the Players' good words, "After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live;" you will be pilloried in a farce, caricatured by Matthews, and transfigured by as many thousand shafts of ridicule as the wit of modern dramatic writers can supply. You also criticise the Arts;—artists are even more irritable than the "irritable genus vatum;" you will look well on a Sign-post! You have Sketches of Society and Manners; venture not to censure or reprove, or there will be no society for you, and your manners may be practised in solitude. Your very negatives will embarrass and plague you as much as your positives. You avoid Politics; but I hear as many condemn this abstinence as a blank in your publication, as approve of it for keeping out debasing humours. Every pseudo-poet, whose unfledged muse you affront by not admitting her eyases to your nest, will hold you in mortal hatred. If your literary intelligence is not a string of puffs, publishers will abominate as much as authors abhor you—they will print against you *gratis* (a rare practice with them) all that revenge will write, and you had better be broiled, like St. Bartholomew, than endure these tortures. If you do not compose panegyrics on the wholesome common-place of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, abstain, as you value your miserable life, from biography; though the evil that men do lives after them, there would be no discretion, which is the better part of valour, in allowing its vitality in your pages. In fine, your case is desperate, and if one bard exclaimed,

"Ah me! what perils do environ

The man who meddles with cold iron!"

You may with greater truth add in agony,  
Ten thousand greater perils diddle  
The ass who doth with goose-quill meddle.

I remember, and well may you, a sorrowful sight—a hive of bees, with an infernally mischievous Queen Semiramis at their head, took it into their fancy to form a settlement on the jowl of an honest, unsuspecting mastiff, who was lying asleep in the sun, dreaming no doubt *ubi mel ibi apes*; but he was dreadfully mistaken, for the Philistines were soon upon his capital, where there was no honey. The poor dog howled, shook his ears, scampered, rolled, foam-

ed, and maddened; but in vain! the pestilent tormentors were irremovable. His cries availed not; they filled his mouth and choked his throat: his efforts were fruitless; they blinded his eyes, and clustered round his brain, and stung him to distraction. You and I alone saw, and pitied, and tried to save him; but alas, our work of pain and danger was not crowned with the success due to our humanity. It is true we drowned off the persecutors, but at the same time we almost drowned the persecuted; and when at last he was freed from his hellish periwig, the torments it had bequeathed, like the shirt of Nessus, were so intolerable that it was mercy which sped the mortal bullet through the heart of the victim.

Need I apply this remembrance of our early life to you, in whose fate I take so warm an interest? No! I leave it to yourself, who are just as able to feel as I am to enforce its appositeness. I have only to assure you, that if, in spite of my warning, you determine to persevere in your mad attempt, you shall have my best aid, and the ardent co-operation of my friends. But oh, my dear Sir, be otherwise advised.

"Vive sine invidia, mollesque inglorios annos  
Exige!"

We will then be happy with one another, for you may be assured that

I am

Your Sincere Friend

and Unchangeable Well-wisher;

The Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Literary Gazette Office, 267, Strand.  
30th July, 1817.

P.S. I desire my best compliments may be presented to Tom and Dick—I hope you have succeeded, as indeed you ought, with *Aldeborontiphoscophornio*—but this is no time for private matters. Adieu.  
E. L. G.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are indebted for the following very sweet Poem to Mrs. Henry Rolls, author of the "*Home of Love*," &c. The idea appears to us to be as beautiful as new, and the composition worthy of the subject.

#### SMILES.

What is that smile—that o'er the cheek  
Of artless, blooming childhood strays;  
That revels in the dimple sleek,  
That charms the mother's tender gaze?

'Tis the bright sun of April's morn,  
That rises with unallied ray;  
Nor marks the clouds, that swift are borne  
To wrap in shades the future day!

What is that soft—that languid smile,  
That mingles with a tender sigh;  
Light spreads the timid blush the while,  
And sweetly sinks the melting eye

'Tis the bright dew-drop on the rose,  
Sweet remnant of the early shower,  
That will its ripened leaves unclose,  
And to full fragrance spread the flower!

What is that smile—whose rapturous glow  
Passion's impetuous breath inspires,  
Whilst Pleasure's gaudy blossoms blow,  
And the eye beams with guilty fires?

'Tis the Volcano's baleful blaze,  
That pours around a fatal light;—  
Whose victim dies, that stops to gaze;  
Whence safety is but found in flight!

What is that sad, that transient smile—  
That dawns upon the lip of woe;—  
That checks the deep-drawn sigh awhile,  
And stays the tear, that starts to flow?

'Tis but a veil cast o'er the heart,  
When youth's gay dreams have pass'd away;  
When joy's faint lingering rays depart,  
And the last gleams of hope decay!

What is that bright, that fearful smile—  
Quick flashing o'er the brow of care,  
When fades each fruit of mental toil,  
And nought remains to check despair?

'Tis the wild lurid lightening's gleam,  
Swift bursting from a stormy cloud;—  
That spreads a bright destructive beam,—  
Then sinks into its sable shroud!

What is that smile—calm, fixt at last,  
On the hoar brow of reverend age,  
When the world's changing scenes are past,  
And nearly clos'd life's varied page?

'Tis the rich glowing western beam,  
Bright spreading o'er the darkening skies;  
That shows by its mild parting gleam,  
A cloudless—heavenly—morn shall rise!

Dunchurch, July, 1817. M. ROLLS.

#### EPITAPH

IN CARSHALTON CHURCH-YARD.

Tom Humphreys is here by grim Death beguil'd,  
Who never did harm to man, woman, or child;  
And since without foe none yet e'er was known,  
Poor Tom was nobody's foe, but his own:  
Lie light on him, Earth, for none would than he  
(Tho' heavy his bulk) trip it lighter on thee.

Died Sept. 4, 1742. Aged 44 years.

#### THE FINE ARTS.

LAST SUPPER; by LEONARDO DA VINCI, from the CHARTREUX at PAVIA.

In our last Number we mentioned the exhibition, in Pall Mall, of this splendid work, which we now proceed to describe and examine. The subject is the Feast or Passover of the Last Supper, in which we see Jesus Christ seated at table with the twelve Apostles:—the text is,

"But behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me, is with me on the table."—Luke xii. 21.

"When Jesus had thus said, he was troubled in spirit, and testified, and said, Verily, I say unto you that one of you shall betray me."—John xiii. 21.

It is well known to every Artist and admirer of the Arts, that the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci was this subject, and painted upon the wall of the Church of the Dominicans, now we believe of the Madonna del Grazie, in Milan. This sublime composition has not been able to resist the ravages of time, though within the century it has often been the theme of criticism and panegyric. Mr. Cochin in 1757 dwells on the

beauty of its design, the exquisite air of the heads, the grand simplicity of the draperies, and notices a curious circumstance that St. John has five fingers on one hand:—The picture must have been repainted at this period, for Richardson in 1796-7 speaks of all the Apostles on the left of Christ as very faint, and those on the right as entirely obliterated:—Barry in 1770 states that it was being repaired, i. e. spoiled; but there was still enough of the truth, expression and free pencilling of the master to excite his enthusiasm. The present picture is, on the contrary, in fine preservation. In its dimensions and design it is a transcript of the work to which we have just alluded, displaying however several variations in parts which in our opinion convey the strongest argument in favour of its being the work of the same hand, though in its early history it was ascribed to Mark Oggionno, a scholar of L. da Vinci. In the picture at Milan the head of Christ was unfinished (according to a tradition because the painter could not express his own sublime idea of the Saviour); on the canvas it is finished; and there are also some alterations in the costume as well as in the arrangements of the table—there is, for example, a dish of fish in the Milan picture, but in that of Pavia only the Paschal Lamb. It does not appear probable that a pupil, however eminent, of so venerated a master would have ventured in copying to make these innovations; and were the head of the Redeemer equal to the genius of Leonardo, we should have little difficulty in persuading ourselves that the whole, or at least all the chief parts of the picture were executed by him. It is upon this Head alone that our doubts hang; for though the expression of the God-Man "troubled in spirit" is exquisitely fine, the features want not only sublimity and dignity, but even beauty and grace. Is it then an improbable supposition—that this copy, with perhaps the unimportant parts which were assigned to his scholars, was the performance of the master himself, and that, as at Milan, he left the head of Christ in a state not to satisfy his own inspired conception? As for its being the Pastici of Oggionno, we cannot subscribe to that opinion, though supported at Milan. From all that we ever read of this artist, he was incapable of producing so great a work; and it has been ascertained

"Leonardo (says Bernardo Zenole his friend) avendo dipinto tutti gli Apostoli, fece Giacomo maggiore il minore de tanta bellezza e maestà, che volendo poi far Christo, mai non potè dar compimento e perfezione e quella santa faccia, con tutto ch' egli fosse singolarissimo, onde cost disperato, non vi potendo far altro, se ne andò a consigliarsi con Bernardo Zenole," &c.;—and Zenole advising him to leave the head of Christ unfinished, by which it would appear more divine than the most finished of the Apostles, Leonardo left it in that state, and the St. James's consequently the most finished and exquisite portraits in the picture.

A similar tradition of a more amusing kind says that the head of Judas was left imperfect till a countenance sufficiently villainous could be met with for an original. The Prior of the Dominicans, having offended the painter, sat for the portrait!!!!

that in more instances than one the Milanese connoisseurs were mistaken in ascribing to his pupils the authentic paintings of their celebrated instructor.

Thus several have been given to Salaino, and others to Luini, though the former had not powers for the execution of such immortal scenes, and the latter was more remarkable for his sweet delineation of female softness than for grandeur of design and composition. Much of this confusion is attributable to the multitude of imitators whom the merits and glory of Leonardo caused to spring up; but we cannot think that even the most successful of them could send such a picture as this is from their pallet. In the presumption then, that it was not only of the time of this philosophical artist, but almost entirely by his hand, we shall proceed to the history and details of this admirable Cenacolo.

"It had been long in the possession of the Carthusians in their convent at Pavia, (says the Descriptive Catalogue) when on the suppression of that order, and the sale of their effects in 1793, it became the property of a citizen of Milan, the actual owner of it." Lanzi declares that it supplies the loss of the original; Santogostini in 1671 ascribes it to Oggionno, and says it is as beautiful as that at Milan; Baldinucci, Scotti, and recently the Abbé Guillon in a dissertation read to the French Institute, deliver similar opinions of its surpassing beauty. The latter amateur endeavours to establish that it was painted for Francis I. (in whose arms the artist died in 1520,) and lost at the battle of Pavia, where "all was lost except honour:" but the reasoning is rather not improbable than convincing, and we can see no ground for discrediting the idea that the copy of Ecouen may not as well have been executed for his royal patron. That it is only 16 feet 18 inches long, by 8 feet in height, is no argument to the contrary—the difficulty of safely conveying a picture of about 26 feet and a half, by 13 and a half (which the original and this of the Chartreux are), may well account for a smaller scale being adopted for France; that is, supposing the work to have been finished in Italy.

But after all, agreeable and interesting as are these researches and conjectures to the lovers of the art, the main objects for considerations and sources of delight rest in the internal excellence of the pictures themselves, by whomsoever painted or touched into perfection. L. da Vinci was the connecting link between the Gothic and the Augustan ages of painting; or rather he was the genius who broke the Gothic chain, and poured all the truth of nature over the divinest creations of imaginative power. Oil painting was in its infancy when he produced these sublime subjects; and when we are told of the deadness or the violet tints of his colouring, we refer to the era in

"L. Da Vinci was at the same time with Perugino the disciple of Verrocchio, from whom he acquired correctness of design. Verrocchio was the first who took a plaster cast of the human countenance, about 50 years after oil painting was discovered.

which he lived for the imperfections of any mechanical process that has failed to preserve his colours for the admiration of posterity in all the freshness and propriety which we cannot question they originally possessed.

But while there are those who disparage him in this respect, the sentiment of the world is unanimous upon his extraordinary talents. Rubens speaks in raptures of his rare union of imagination and judgment, a praise which has been accorded by succeeding generations. Other, and the greatest authorities, with equal enthusiasm, dwell on the correctness of his design, the judicious disposition of his figures, the nature and force of his action, the wonders of his expression. He studied man deeply for his representations of humanity; and it is among the traits of his character handed down to us, that he attended executions to acquire from these dreadful realities the power of delineating the strongest emotions and passions of mankind. A painful school, but, if we may judge by what he has accomplished, one the most impressive in its lessons!

The picture which has seduced us into these remarks, represents Jesus in the agonizing moment of denouncing the faithless disciple who betrayed him. He occupies the centre of the canvas, and there is a distance between him and the nearest Apostle on each side, which forces the eye to rest at once upon the principal character. The countenance we have already said is exquisitely expressive of the bitterness with which the guilt of a follower has filled his soul; but the features are far from answering our expectation. The attitude is incomparably fine—the arms seem to assert in the mildest manner the incontestable truth of what has just been said; the very hands affirm it as of divine origin, while the inclination of the head attests the sorrows of the man.

The godlike quiescence which at the same time lifts the Messiah above human feelings, is rendered indescribably effective by its contrast with the varied vehemence, anxiety, and passion of the Apostles. Each seems to speak, and the spectator can understand their language as if he were an auditor. We cannot in this Number enter so fully as the subject merits into this astonishing exercise of the magic of the pencil. Upon the right of Christ is John overwhelmed with anguish:—next him Judas, whose profile is dark and ruffian-like; he is leaning on the table and has spilt the salt, a curious circumstance as indicating the prevalence of this superstition; the purse in his hand betokens him the steward of this holy association, and is not as may be supposed the sign and reward of his apostasy. On his right is Peter rising with energy to inquire who can be so lost to good as to deserve this accusation. St. Bartholomew, as is imagined from the richness of his garments, is the next in order, and the finest example of colouring in the picture: James the elder, the mortal cousin of the Saviour, with terror on his countenance, stretches as it were to ascertain beyond the doubt of sense, the accuracy of the horrible prediction which his ears have heard:—and

last of all on this side is Philip, who seems to be under a similar uncertainty, and bends forward to have his indistinct perceptions negated or confirmed.

On the left of the Saviour is St. Thomas, his face strongly expressive of horror and indignation;—next him the zealous Thaddeus, pressing forward to be informed who is the monster of wickedness that could betray so blessed a Master:—Simon protesting his innocence completes the group of three turning to the center; while St. Matthew, St. Andrew, and James the younger, are grouped the other way, but nevertheless contributing perfectly to the grand unity of action which distinguishes this sublime picture.

We will not go into the minor charms of an address to the eye so potential as to excite the deepest sensations of devotion and awe. Were it an ordinary, or even (in the common acceptance) an extraordinary picture, we could dilate upon the admirable distribution of the light, the grand simplicity of the draperies which give the utmost effect to that light, the skill displayed as well in the foreground as in the perspective, and other beauties; but we trust we have said enough to excite that interest with which so matchless an Exhibition ought to inspire a British public.

#### PAINTINGS

*Formerly in the Escorial, now in the Painting Rooms of M. Bonnemaison, at Paris.*

The largest of the six admirable pictures, by the happy repair of which the able painter Bonnemaison acquires so much merited praise, is a *Christ bearing the Cross*, (*la pamoison, ou portement de la Croix*) by Raphael. Next the Transfiguration it is considered as his greatest and best composition; yet as this picture is not yet repaired one cannot judge of the harmony and effect of the whole, but only admire single parts, and these are infinitely grand and beautiful. Christ sinks under the weight of the cross; but it is only his human nature which suffers; a divine energy and dignity beam in the expression of his features. On his right hand kneel Maria, John, and the three holy women (a most admirable group) plunged in profound affliction. On the other side, in the back ground, there are twelve or fifteen Roman soldiers, each marked by the expression of his peculiar feeling.

The second painting, by Raphael, known under the name of *La Perle*, is the Madonna with the two children, and St. Ann: a most pleasing composition, but not conceived or executed in the same great and noble style as the third, "*The Visitation*," or the fourth, called "*La Vierge au Poisson*." In the first the pregnant Virgin presents her hand to her niece Elizabeth. What innocence and maidenly modesty are expressed in the countenance, and the whole figure of the Holy Virgin? But nothing can exceed the ideal beauty of the last of these pictures. Heavenly grace and divine dignity are expressed in the Madonna. The angel Raphael has led the young Tobias to the child Jesus. Tobias has fallen on his knee and presents to the divine infant, fearfully indeed, and timidly, but yet with childish

pleasure, the fish which receives from Christ consecration. St. Jerome, an old man with a most expressive countenance, stands by the side of the mother, reading to her out of a book. She seems to turn her attention from him, in order to observe the children. In the angel is the perfection of heavenly purity and confidence. All this is so beautiful, so grand, so admirable, that one cannot tear one's self from it. Desnoyer is to engrave this magnificent chef d'œuvre, and I doubt not will give us a faithful representation of the admirable original.

It is well known that the finest works of Titian, who was the favorite painter of Philip II. are in the Escorial. The picture which Joseph Bonaparte brought hither, and which is now under Bonnemaison's hands, is said to be one of the finest of them, and to be known in Germany from duplicates. It is called "*La Venus*." The subject is however a very different one. Philip II. is in his garden, playing upon an organ, and turns his head towards his mistress the Princess Eboli, who is lying behind him on a couch, naked, and amusing herself with a little dog without perceiving her friend. The gracefulness of her position, the charm, the expression of voluptuousness, are inexpressibly beautiful, and true to nature. On the flight to France, the chest in which this picture was packed fell into the water, and when it was unpacked at Paris it was so covered with saltpetre, that the colours were not to be distinguished. All the painters despaired of saving and repairing it: when an experienced chemist proposed a method which perfectly succeeded, so that the picture is now entirely restored to its pristine beauty. The 6th picture (by Murillo) is a Spanish family, as expressive as life itself; the family consists of a father, mother, and child. The last is making a dog dance on the mother's lap. It is said to be one of the best works of this master.

#### PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, 26th JULY.—On Thursday week, Mr. H. A. Pye, of Merton College; Mr. Charles Nutt, of Corpus Christi College; Mr. Roger Bird, of Queen's College; and Mr. Frederick Cox, of Lincoln College, were elected Demies of Magdalen College; and on Friday the Rev. Thomas Loveday, M. A.; the Rev. Thomas Samuel Smith, M. A.; and Mr. George Galbraith Wratlaw, M. A.; were admitted Probationary Fellows of the same Society.

BERLIN, 8th, JULY.—On the 3d of this month, the Royal Academy celebrated by a public sitting, the anniversary of its founder Leibnitz. The class of History and Philology resolved to offer a prize of 100 ducats for the best historical and juridical account of the proceedings of the Athenian courts of justice, as well in public as in private causes.—Mr. Bode read a memoir on the newly discovered planetary bodies, Ceres, Pallas, Juno and Vesta; and produced a brass model shewing the true position of their orbits in the solar system. M. Uhden read a memoir on the mortuary lists of the ancient Etruscans.



INSTITUT ROYAL DE FRANCE.  
(Academy Royal of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.)

Mr. J. Mutter of Strasburg, and Mr. Amable Jourdain, joint Secretary of the Royal School for oriental languages at Paris, have obtained the two prizes of the Institute. Mr. Pastoret presented the medal to the latter at a public sitting on the 25th.

M. Dacier read a notice of the life and writings of M. Larcher, in which the following anecdote is related. A stranger was met by this savant in a solitary alley of the Luxembourg, who inquired what it was o'clock, and robbed him of his watch. Monsieur (the present king) hearing of this, sent Mr. Larcher on the same day a watch of much greater value than that which he had lost. This trait was loudly applauded by the auditors.

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

#### THE PLAY AT VENICE.

Some years since, a German Prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate rise and fall with the coming and the departure of this finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to researches among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta or the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse all national distinctions were carefully suppressed. But as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas, that wound up those stately festivities. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersion on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humour. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the Prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, acknowledged the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon a country to which so little of its gratitude must be

due. "But my Lords," said he, rising, "we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country; if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall." The company rose and followed him through the splendid suite of a Venetian villa, to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured salons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venetians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrower view some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill-omened similitude, of course German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came heavily pacing along. He knocked at several of the doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down upon a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized. "Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns, all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care, campaigning has hardened effeminacy among us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness however is not so well, unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true, come out Zimmerman." He drew a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to a decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. He had till now been the only object. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with

keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned they were lifted up to heaven with the strongest expression of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon drooped over his study, and he closed the book. "What," said he, rising and stretching his limbs, "is there no one stirring in this comfortless place? Is it not near day?" He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant, it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly, the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with the wonder that had till then filled its pale, intelligent countenance. "Four o'clock," said the German. "In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to the day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sun-rise. Well then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes." He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn—"Who are you?" was his greeting to this strange intruder. "I will not hurt you," was the answer. "Who cares about that?" was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol. "My friend," said the figure, "Even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now. But if you would know who I am, let me entreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers." "Well then," said the German in a gentler tone, "if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love or learn." The former sighed deeply and murmured, "and yet you are a Teuton; but you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?" "No, it was a printed book!"

"Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing."

"It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness and beauty; one by which books are made universal and literature eternal."

"Admirable, glorious art!" said the inquirer, "who was its illustrious inventor?"

"A German!"

"But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day."

"That was a repeater!"

"How, when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sun-dial. But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitableness to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an invention! whose was it? he must be more than man."

"He was a German!"

What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors, but we looked on them only as gallant savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale grey in the East that touched its visage with a chill light, the moon resting broadly on the horizon was setting behind, the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendour of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of his miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the

pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. "It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man for either good or ill," said the form. "How much it must change the nature of war! how much it must influence the fates of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon the earth?" "A German."

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge, its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it had uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it now stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzlingly green, was on its brow. It looked like the Genius of Eloquence. "Stranger," said it, pointing to the Appenines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed away, since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity, since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honoured as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you, we were all children to the discoverers of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first; has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back; "Who, what are you?" "I am a spirit. I was CICERO." "Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind."

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. CICERO uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy!" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against the wall! Fine Madame Catarina dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show!" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. CICERO raised his broad gaze to heaven: "These the men of my country—these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What

scorn and curse of providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes, the first sun-beam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose round him, and he was gone!

The Venetians, with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sun-rise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

#### CURIOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

That the Emperor Charles VI. ten years before his death, begged the life of Frederick the Second, the great King of Prussia, at that time Crown Prince, of his severe father King Frederick William, is a circumstance that has been made public as well in several lives of the great King, as also, immediately after the disgrace of Field-Marshal Sicken-dorf, (the Austrian Ambassador at Berlin,) from his papers; but it has hitherto appeared only as an unproved assertion, and much disputed report. The original papers proving the truth of the fact, will, we doubt not, be interesting to our readers, and we therefore feel ourselves happy in being able to present them with a faithful translation of them from the original German.

King Frederick William of Prussia to the Emperor Charles the Sixth.

Wusterhausen, Nov. 20th, 1730.

I thank your Imperial Majesty in the most grateful manner, for taking so much interest in the vexation, which my Crown Prince has caused me by his conduct hitherto. I cannot deny that it grieves my heart the more, as I have never been sparing of paternal admonitions, and careful education, and yet hitherto all has been fruitless, which must reasonably move me to proceed against him with due severity. I might truly have good cause to let him feel it still farther; but he owes it entirely to your Imperial Majesty, for having been pleased to interpose your mediation for him, since it is that alone which has induced me to pardon him; and I will wish and hope that this may make such an impression on his heart, that he may be wholly changed by it, and may learn duly to acknowledge how much he is indebted to your Imperial Majesty and your August House, for the sincere love and affection which you have shown him, as I myself will never forget the special proofs of your sincere and valuable friendship and confidence; but, on the contrary, will at all times exert myself to the utmost of my power, to give your Imperial Majesty, on my side, real proofs of my esteem and devotedness, and to show that nothing is dearer to me than to be united in uninterrupted confidence and perpetual friendship with your Imperial Majesty and your August House, and that this friendship may be more and more confirmed, I remain with a sin-

cere German heart, and at the same time with all respect, till death.

Your Imperial Majesty's

Most loving Cousin and faithful Brother,  
F. WILLIAM R.

II.

*The Emperor Charles VI. to Prince Eugene of Savoy.*

Mon cher Prince, When the differences between the Crown Prince of Prussia and his father were at the height, (the Prince being thrown into prison,) and it was generally feared that the affair might soon have a melancholy and fatal end, and therefore no time was to be lost, I found it necessary immediately to do every thing to prevent the misfortune; and as it seems from all circumstances, that the King has not only a particular friendship but also a very remarkable respect for me, I resolved to dispatch to Seckendorf in all haste, and with the greatest secrecy, a letter to the King, in my own hand-writing, with orders not to deliver it to the King, unless he saw that the necessity was extreme; and not to acquaint any person, even the Ministers here, with this circumstance, but to give information of the result directly to me. Now he has not only delivered my letter to the King with the desired success, but has just sent me the annexed letter in the King's own hand, which I communicate to your Highness, with the account of the affair, and you may impart both the letter and this note of mine to the other Ministers of State; the copy of my letter, which is also written by myself, I have sent to Seckendorf, and have no other; I shall desire him to give it me back, and will then communicate it also.

#### NATIONAL LIBERALITY.

A recent French publication, in 3 vols. octavo, entitled, "*L'Angleterre et les Anglois*," displays the superficial views which too many French writers take of our constitution, national character, and manners. Of this we may hereafter extract some graver examples, though we at present content ourselves with lighter specimens of the work.

"An engineer named Brindley, a man of very considerable talent, had so completely identified himself with his enterprises, that he thought of nothing but plans, piers, levelling, perforating mountains, digging canals, &c.: being once called before the House of Commons on the subject of a certain affair, he was asked for what end he imagined rivers had been formed. 'I suppose,' replied he, 'they were invented to supply navigable canals.'"

*Chester Gaol.*—"The cells of the prisoners are disposed in such a way that the eye of the gaoler or governor may penetrate into them at once, and embrace them all in a glance, without leaving his room. The apartment from which these gloomy cells, the receptacles of vice, misery, and the most deplorable fatality, were discoverable, was furnished in a tasteful and elegant style; the atmosphere breathed the perfume of flowers; in one corner stood a piano, covered with music books; in another a table, on which were se-

veral new novels, and a small pamphlet, entitled *Personal Liberty*! But the eye of the observer was unwillingly drawn from these objects, to men loaded with irons in the gloomy cells; one of the criminals seemed engaged in reading a prayer-book; he was under sentence of execution—the governor's daughter was at the same moment playing a sonata."

"The horse is, of all animals, that to which the English are most attached, and of which they take the greatest care; and why? in order to sacrifice it in a race, as the priests of Jupiter fattened the bulls before plunging into their hearts the sacred knife. The horse, that superb child of the earth, then appears to fly rather than run; but, torn by the inhuman lash of the rider, the animal is exhausted, and the froth which falls from his mouth is reddened with his blood; his ardour outlives his strength; his quivering muscles extend and contract with an involuntary palpitation, kept up and irritated by the lacerating blows of the whip: still, however, he darts forward, reaches the goal and expires!"

A French Journalist, in reviewing this book, observes that the article on fashions is the most amusing of the whole. "We have, he says, been much diverted at Paris by a caricature representing an Englishman, who, whilst a tailor is taking his measure for a pair of pantaloons, very coolly observes, 'Now, M. Carrick, let us understand each other; if you make them so wide that I can draw them on, mind, I will not have them.' This, and other things of the same sort, instead of being exaggerations, the author assures us are far below the truth, and he enters into details, which leave little doubt as to his veracity. He gives the *History of the Boot*, and of all the *cosmetics* used by young men of fashion to increase the *brilliance of their charms*—such as the milk of roses, Mrs. Oldfield's rare lotion, Colley's chemical cream; powders, bearing the names of the Prince Regent, Duke of York, Dr. Blair, and even the immortal Newton! the Bath lotion, Atkinson's dye, the curling fluid, and many other invaluable discoveries of the same sort.

"As for the ladies, on the first of January, 1817, that ever memorable day, Mrs. Bell invented the famous *Armenian Corset*. We confess ourselves inadequate to discuss the merits of this rare and admirable discovery; it has, however, met with the greatest success."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

##### THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE PONSONBY.

Upon Tuesday the 8th of July, as has been stated in all the publications of the day, died the Right Honourable George Ponsonby, who had been for some years what is styled the Leader of the Opposition, or, as the senator to whose address on moving a new writ for Wicklow we shall have to refer, has denominated it, "the Country Party" in the House of Commons. This event

took place about six o'clock in the morning; Mr. Ponsonby having languished from Monday the 30th June preceding, when he was suddenly attacked by his mortal malady during a parliamentary discussion on the Extents in Aid Bill. He had just before delivered his opinion upon the Irish Election Bill, but feeling indisposition, retired behind the Speaker's Chair, and sunk down into a state of insensibility, upon which the House immediately adjourned. From this period he suffered much pain though his disorder was accompanied by occasional torpor, and it was only a few hours before his dissolution that every sense became shut to the cares of this world, or the anguish of a consuming disease. There is something very awful in these rapid transitions, and human nature trembles to see the active public man stricken in the very midst of his activity into the insensate corpse, and borne with the tones of national argument still vibrating from his lips to that grave where all is stillness and silence.

The subject of this memoir was the son of John Ponsonby, who was the leader of a party in the Irish Parliament, and elected Speaker of their House of Commons in 1756. His grandfather was the first Earl of Besborough, who under the title of Baron Ponsonby, of Sysonby, was raised to the British Peerage in 1749. He was also nearly related to the Imokilly Ponsonbys, being paternal uncle to the present Baron of that title, who is the son of William Brabazon Ponsonby, the first Lord Imokilly and elder brother of Mr. Ponsonby. He was bred to the Bar, and early in life became distinguished, and advanced in his profession by his abilities, as well as through the influence of his connections. His first public appointment was that of Counsel to the Commissioners of the Revenue, a place of considerable emolument; satisfied with which, or too indolent for greater exertions, he relaxed in his forensic pursuits, and devoted the chief portion of his time to rural sports, to which he was ever exceedingly attached. A change of Administration however roused him to ambitious aspirations, by depriving him of the source of his income, and throwing him upon his own slender fortune and his talents for support. The political career was opened to him, and he was speedily introduced to the Parliament of that part of the now United Kingdom of which he was a native; and from the time he took his seat to the final separation of that Assembly he uniformly supported the measures of the Opposition.

\* His Imperial Majesty writes these three words in French, though the letter is in German.



From this era his practice at the Bar augmented rapidly, and he ranked with the most successful pleaders for extent of business, while he at the same time established a high reputation for sound legal knowledge. One change, as we have seen, very happily for his fortunes, threw him upon his own resources: another restored him to official situation, but infinitely more exalted than that from which he had been removed. On the coming into power of the Whig party in 1806, Mr. Ponsonby was through his merits, his family interest,<sup>1</sup> and the influence of his relative the Duke of Devonshire, with whom he had always acted intimately in politics, appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland. This eminent station he filled during the year his political friends retained the direction of affairs, and, in so far as this brief trial allowed, discharged its functions in a manner honourable to his character and advantageous to his country—"The important duties of which," (says the Honourable Mr. Lambe) "he performed with general satisfaction to all persons concerned, notwithstanding that, at that period, political parties ran high, and the propriety of every appointment was canvassed with the most scrupulous severity."

When the death of Mr. Fox left the Opposition in the Imperial Parliament without a leader to direct and control their plan of operations, the claims of different aspirants were reconciled by the election of Mr. Ponsonby. His abilities, his connections, and his fair reputation for inflexible integrity, were all in favour of this choice; to which indeed the only strong objection appeared to be his long residence in Ireland, and consequently more intimate acquaintance with the affairs of that country, than with the multitudinous circumstances which were necessary to be familiarly known to the Statesman at the head of so important a party in England. With this disadvantage, the able manner in which he acquitted himself of his charge, is well known to the kingdom. His resistance to ministers was without asperity, and in most of those cases where branches of the Opposition acted independently of the main body, he stood aloof from what was violent or personal. We remember no one instance in which he permitted party spirit to warp his mind so far as to make him guilty of private vituperation or general injustice. Indeed if a judgment

may be formed from the small number of condemnatory motions which originated with him during the sessions he sat upon the left of the Speaker, it may be said that he was not only a liberal opponent, but a tacit approver of many of the acts of Administration which individuals on the same side with himself look upon them to reprove. Possibly, however, this arose in part from a natural disposition to indolence; for, except when excited by some influential motive, the whole course of his career as a British Senator displayed him rather as a solid and immovable than as an active and impetuous impugner of the measures of Government.

Of his powers as a public speaker, the writer has had many opportunities of forming the judgment which he now delivers with due humility. Nothing could be more distinct, clear, and argumentative: it was impossible to be in doubt respecting the opinion of the orator or the reasoning by which he sustained it. The Reporters of Parliamentary debates (an arduous and difficult task) had their labours rendered comparatively easy when Mr. Ponsonby spoke, by the precision of his style and the logical arrangement of his ideas. From the forensic habits of his early life he was perhaps apt to fall rather into an extreme on these points, and, wishing to enforce his sentiments more irresistibly on his auditors, to render them somewhat tiresome by repetition. It requires wonderful powers of eloquence to be able to take many different views of the same subject, place it in a variety of lights, and reiterate its illustrations, without becoming tedious. In dry discussion, where sound ratiocination is more relied on than brilliant oratory, this is altogether impossible; and Mr. Ponsonby always addressed himself to the sense and conviction, never to the passions and imagination of his auditors. He was thus sometimes prolix from an over-anxiousness to lay his subject in every position in which an effect could be produced on the understanding of those he desired to convince. On questions of slight consequence this practice was most injurious to his fame as a Debater. But on great questions involving the highest constitutional and national interests, (and it was upon such questions that Mr. Ponsonby's knowledge and vigour of intellect were most eminently conspicuous) his manner of reviewing every separate proposition and re-stating every strong argument, produced happy and powerful impressions. Several of his speeches of this genus might be quoted as among the best compositions which adorn the annals of the House of Commons, dis-

tinguished as they are for the most brilliant effusions of human talent.

Mr. Ponsonby's manner received no aid from his appearance and manner. In person he was rather short and stout; in countenance vulgar and inexpressive; in dress plain and farmer-like; and in gesticulation common-place and heavy. On rising to address the House he was grave to a degree of pompousness, and when it happened that what he had to say was merely a short opinion, the oracularness with which it was delivered had a singular impropriety attached to it. He used invariably to advance one foot towards the table on the floor, poise himself sturdily in this posture, and very frequently recur to the action of striking the table with one hand. In other respects his motions were ungraceful; but his voice was good and sonorous, his enunciation most distinct, and his emphases appropriately and skilfully laid.

Avoiding politics, as much as it is possible to avoid them in these days, when they mix with every thing, this sketch cannot enter upon the discussion of the uses or abuses of parliamentary opposition; but candour and justice may pronounce that in Mr. Ponsonby it assumed one of its best forms, that of a well-regulated constitutional jealousy, neither vexatious to the servants of the Crown, nor factiously obstructive of measures of national policy. He had the honesty and the liberality very frequently to approve of ministerial decisions and ministerial acts. His conduct in this respect, his conciliatoriness in debate, his equanimity and manliness, undoubtedly reflected honour upon his party, and gave it a weight and influence with the public, which must render his death a heavy calamity to ranks already thinned by the loss of Sheridan's brilliant eloquence, and Horner's enlightened mind.

Of Mr. Ponsonby's private life we know little, and indeed if we knew much we should still say little: but we may suppose that in domestic and social intercourse he was kind, intelligent, liberal, and just. Had he not been so, even the partiality of friendship would not have ventured on the warmth of panegyric which has been bestowed upon his memory. "He was" (said Mr. Lambe, in the speech to which we have already alluded) "not only dear to every person with whom he was connected by ties of blood and consanguinity, but to every gentleman who had ever entered into the field of political discussion."

In 1781, Mr. Ponsonby married Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the late Earl of Belvedere, by whom he has had

<sup>1</sup> His aunt was daughter of the third Duke of Devonshire, and he is nearly connected by family intermarriages with the houses of Spencer, Westmoreland, and others.

several children. One of his daughters is married to Lord Donnelly. His son arrived in Arlington Street, from Ireland, within a few hours after his parent had expired. He was privately interred at Kensington, on the Saturday morning after his decease. Mr. Ponsonby was born on the 5th of March, 1755, and had consequently just reached his grand climacteric when thus suddenly snatched away, in the midst of the full enjoyment of his mental faculties and bodily strength:—*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

Should his health permit, it is whispered in the political circles, that Mr. Tierney will be the leader in the House of Commons next session. May he imitate the moderation, candour, and liberality of his predecessor!

#### COUNT DE CHOISEUIL GOUFFIER.

The Count de Choiseuil Gouffier died recently in Switzerland, whither he had gone to drink the mineral waters. He was a French Peer and Member of the Academy. In 1784 he was Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and had previously taken a tour in Greece and Asia, the result of which he published in 1778, in a very valuable and interesting work. In January, 1790, a letter from him was read in the National Assembly, announcing a patriotic gift of 12,000 livres from the French settled in Constantinople, and a similar sum from an anonymous Citizen, i.e. himself. On the following year he was named Ambassador to England, but declined the appointment; and in October, the extent of his misunderstanding with the government was rendered more notorious by a Conventional Decree for his arrest, on the ground of his being connected with the King's brothers, his correspondence with whom was seized in the republican retreat from Champagne.

Upon this, the Count quitted Constantinople, and took refuge in Russia, where he was kindly received by the Empress, and had a pension assigned to him as an Academician: in 1797, he was even made a Privy Counsellor by the Emperor Paul. In 1802, however, he returned to France, and the year after took his seat in the Institute, in right of being a member of the former Academy. His most celebrated works are, the Inquiry respecting Greece and the Troad, and the Journey in Greece and Asia, to which we have already alluded.

We are indebted for the most of these particulars, to that amusing publication, the "Lives of Remarkable Characters from the commencement of the French Revolution," &c. published about three years ago by Messrs. Longman and Co.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### HAY MARKET THEATRE.

The first novelty of the short season enjoyed by this theatre, was produced on Wednesday. When we are at a loss to know the proper appellation of a dramatic work, we

love to resort to the unfailing authority of the play bills: according to their unanimous testimony this is "a Comedy, in three Acts, called Teasing Made Easy." We did not find it so.

With equal reverence for the Newspapers, as for the play bills, we should have been happy to be under obligation to them for the plot of a new play; especially when that play boasts of all the involution, bustle, intrigue and Spanish complexity in which Mr. Jameson, the author of this comedy delights, and in which he is generally so amusing and successful. But our friends of the Diurnal press have shrunk from the task, and in truth we do not wonder at it, for the plot is precisely a string of incidents as long as the comedy. However, in brevity, Litigant (*Terry*) is at law with Mrs. Teazer (*Davenport*) somewhere in the country, the Gentleman having formerly abandoned Mrs. Teazer's niece his wife (*Mrs. Connor*), and infant Daughter (*Miss Corew*) now "a woman grown," and gone to America where a large fortune, and the name of Litigant had been bequeathed to him. With these he had settled in England, ignorant of the fate of his family. Glow-worm a young Counsellor (*Jones*) more addicted to frolic and gallantry than to legal studies follows the last mentioned young Lady, it may well be said legally, for she travels in the same route with the assizes. GAMMON (*Matthews*) Glow-worm's roguish Clerk, has a bit of an intrigue in the same direction with MOLLY MIXEM (*Miss Matthews*) an innkeeper's daughter, whom he has encountered as a boarding school heiress, and to win whom he assumes his master's name. To these characters are added PETER PASTORAL (*Tokely*) an Attorney's Clerk, addicted much, as his name pre-supposes to cockney ruralities, and sent down to serve a subpoena on Mrs. Gibbs, another niece of Mrs. Teazer's and a sort of young "Squire," in petticoats. MIXEM the innkeeper (*Watkinson*) a deaf servant of Litigant's, and one or two others of less note fill the roll. We will not attempt to unravel the tangled skein of the story:—the mistakes of one person for another, which occur some two score of times; the entrance into wrong houses of which there are sundry instances; the darkness accruing from there being several Glow-worms; the narrow escapes from detection in the false, and recognition in the true characters; the equivokes; the hidings; the contrivances; and the blunders follow each other in rapid succession, enliven the beginning, drag through the middle, and produce a kind of denouement at the end of the Comedy, when all the married and marriageable couples pair off in the usual turtle-dove style of terminating plays, not intended to be lachrymose. The language is full of terseness and point; there are sundry scenes of amusing equivocation; and the business never languishes. The most original characters in the conception are not so highly finished as to have the effect that might have been expected. Tokely's burlesque of pastoral sentiment, and exclamation of "My Vig," and Mrs. Gibbs, horse-whipping, pig-dealing, ventry attending, masculine part,

though very ably acted, prove the accuracy of this opinion. Jones generally makes the most of what is drawn for him, as he does on this occasion. Since it is the present course of dramatic composition to write characters for particular performers, it is remarkable that no very good original part has been penned for him on the London boards. The authors seem to rely on his talents, and he never deceives them. Glow-worm is nothing like Contrast in the Lord of the Manor, but his representative had the same vivacity and animal spirits, and did much for the new Comedy. Less cannot be said for the dry humour of Matthews; and a compliment as high but of another kind should be paid to the sweet song of Miss Carew.—Of the other performers we shall only say, that all did their duty;—the old deaf man was unpleasantly debilitated by age; one infirmity does not necessarily call for the companionship of all infirmities incident to human nature.

There were neither prologue nor epilogue—an indication, as well as the sketchiness of the characters, that this play must have been hurried upon the stage. We do not think the custom in this respect "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

The Comedy, or to speak more correctly, the long Farce, was well received, and though there was some tedium in the two last acts, it will likely run the season. Exit by Mistake is more amusing.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

Since Saturday, a melo-dramatic romance, called "THE WIZARD," has been performed nightly at this theatre; its cognomen is "the Brown Man of the Moor." The origin of this piece is to be found in the "Black Dwarf" of My Lordlord's Tales, but the Dramatist in, we fancy, his brown study has altered not only the colour, but the lineaments, character, and fortune of the hero. The Dwarf is, by the help of a pair of thick cork soles upon the buskins of Mr. Henry Johnston, converted into a tolerably imposing stage giant, but the aforesaid Mr. Johnston is only a sham wizard, and in reality a young gentleman and lover in disguise. This will, however, appear more lucidly as we analyse the Romance, the principal characters in which are—

The Wizard, Mr. H. Johnston.

Hobbie Elliot, Mr. Bartley.

William Graeme, the Red Reiver of Westburn flat, Mr. I. Isaacs.

Hubert Ratcliffe, Mr. Wrench.

Mr. Vere, the Laird of Ellieslaw, Mr. Wheatley.

Sir Frederick Langley, Mr. T. Short.

Simon, a boy, Hobbie's brother, Master Barnett.

Davie, Mr. Huckel.

Isabel Vere, Miss Kelly.

Grace Armstrong, Miss M. H. Buggins.

Dame Elliot, Mrs. Grove.

Jean, Hobbie's sister, Miss Buggins.

Miss Ilderton, Miss Love.

Old Woman, Graeme's mother, Mrs. Henley.

Banditti, Followers of Hobbie, Earncliffe, &c.

The scene is laid on Mucklestone Moor and neighbourhood.

The chief deviation from the novel which Mr. Arnold has thought necessary in adapting this story for visible representation, is that of making the Wizard himself the adorer of Isabel Vere, instead of the friend of her lover, Earncliffe. This combination of tenderness and misanthropy destroys all that is natural in the character, whatever it may contribute to effect in acting. Earncliffe is sunk into comparative insignificance, and fills, under the name of Ratcliffe, the post of the original character so called, in the House of Ellieslaw.

The drama opens with the Elliot family, anxiously expecting the return of Hobbie from deer-shooting—it is diminished in number by one sister, and, to make amends, augmented by one brother, who can take part in a glee, and a friend, Davie, who can do any thing, every thing, and nothing. After said glee they are visited by the *Red Reiver*, who conducts himself exceedingly like a rufian, and promises, or rather menaces, to be a guest at the wedding of Grace, who has rejected him for Hobbie. In the meantime Hobbie and the Wizard, in his other shape as Earncliffe (the real Earncliffe being, as we have noticed hight Ratcliff, and lending his name to shield his friend from the persecution of his uncle Ellieslaw, who believes him to have died young, the victim of his machinations)—Hobbie and the Wizard encounter on the Moor. Hobbie pretends to be fearless of Boggles, and is left alone till joined by Davie. He provokes a supernatural apparition; and the Wizard having had time to dress himself for the *Brown Man*, re-appears to his frightened companion. The plot then proceeds through two long acts, nearly embracing all the main incidents in the novel, such as the conflagration of the Elliott's *Onstead*; the secretion of Miss Vere at the Reiver's; the attack of that fortalice, (for which the recently be-shrubbed saloon must have been found very useful in furnishing its withered honours to perform the war munition for burning Westburnflat) and the rescue of Isabel; the restoration of Grace; the shooting the Wizard's favourite goat; the consultations of his Oracleship by the ladies, and the Reiver, and Hobbie—in all which scenes as much of the language of the work as could be is retained. The denouement is also of the same kind. Miss Vere is forced to consent to a midnight marriage to save her father; the Wizard forbids the banns from a tomb, then starts forward, declares who he is, and Ellieslaw, covered with shame and confusion, is spared on yielding his estate and daughter to his wronged Nephew and the man of her heart.

We have already stated our opinion, that the double-assumed character assigned to the Wizard, besides perplexing the scene, is destructive of probability. He is neither sufficiently extra-natural, as in the novel, to account for his wonderful powers and critical interpositions, nor sufficiently natural for the favoured lover of Isabel. There are no principles strong enough to sustain his acts in either the superstitious or the amatory relation. In most of the scenes he is a sort of male Meg Merrilies, but seeing him changing his coat so often, and at every in-

tervening part glittering in tinsel, entirely dissipates every apprehension of the mysterious in the spectators. Mr. Johnston exerts himself much in the part, and performs it well. The heroine, by Miss Kelly, is not so successful; indeed we do not think this her line of acting. There is a gipsy slyness in her looks, and a nonchalance in her manner, which does not suit the sentimental young lady; and towards the conclusion of the play she absolutely tired us with the frequency of her fainting fits. They came on so often and lasted so long that we could not help wishing a whole flaggon of sal volatile at her nostrils. Her character is moreover inconsistently drawn, and her sense of filial piety not very steady;—at least her song notions do not square with her dialogue notions on that subject: her verse and prose are antipodes. The rest of the fair sex acquitted themselves very satisfactorily. Miss Love looked lovely; and the Miss Buggins sang so prettily that a good-natured punster in our box christened them the *Hum-Buggins*! They merited a better reward. Mr. Bartley's Elliot is not our *Hobby*. His pathos is blubbery, and he in nothing resembles the bold, the simple, shrewd, and faithful Borderer whom our mind's eye hath formed from the exquisite portraiture of Walter Scott—for we doubt not that he is the writer of these admirable Tales. Still it pains us to censure this performance, for the actor did so bestir himself to give it force, nature, and interest, that his failure must be attributed to his unfitness for characters of the class rather than to any want of will to do his utmost in delineating them.

We were surprised to see Mr. T. Short put into the part of a Walking Gentleman, without a song in a musical piece. This is an odd way of employing agreeable musical talents! Mr. Wrench is not at home in Ratcliffe. The laird of Ellieslaw is *bien comique* in the serious passages. Upon the whole the piece is rather dull and tedious. The managers ought to aim at more lively productions—the generation we live in wants to laugh.

There is an odd mixture of Scottish words in the dialogue which have an ill effect in all the varieties of their pronunciation. The costume is also the Highland, and not the Lowland garb which, in correctness, it ought to be. The music is pleasant and borrowed copiously by Mr. Horn from Northern airs. As for the poetry, we wish we had not to mention it, for it is almost in every line absurdity and nonsense. In song the first we have a girl who "*cried*"

"The name she loved so well:"

unquestionably an odd way of sounding it, unless it were Oysters!!!

"But, ah! her lover comes no more," and why?

"For all is hushed and still;"

that is, till he is dead, for the next line goes on to tell us that

"At length by robbers slain his cries she heard."

Well done both! he to cry, and she to hear, after so melancholy a catastrophe!

The next burthen trolled is by Isabel, who

leaves our comprehension behind in singing like a Town Crier,

"Oh yes! a child may brave the heat,

A father's rage confessing!"

Her next song is equally absurd. It is about a hare which

In flight alone can safely find,

But ah! too sure that speed is vain, &c.

which pretty contradiction is followed by a simile of dissimilitude about another hunted animal—a deer, which "when close pursued" seeks the covert of the wood: "*so I,*" videlicet, Miss Kelly, "gainst tyrant power maintain, my right to take the field;" a position proving that taking the field for resistance is like seeking the wood for cover! We are the more minute in reproaching this careless and absolutely nonsensical versification; for when a man can write so well as Mr. Arnold, he has no apology for offering such trash to the public. We conclude with two verses entire of another song to show that severity is warranted in this case.

As smiles when grief demands a tear,

Or joy o'er friendship's early bier,

As hope delay'd from year to year,

So fades the rose!

As spring when autumn chills the plain,

As beauty flies from age and rain,

Or love when stung by cold disdain,

So fades the rose!

Crivelli is re-engaged for the King's Theatre next season, and the Manager is also in treaty with Garcia. Madame Fodor, according to report, goes to Rome, and Camporesi is engaged for the carnival and spring campaign at the theatre of La Scala.

Mademoiselle Brissi, a young Virtuosa, who has played with considerable success at Munich, the part of *Sesto* in *La Clemenza di Tito*, intends likewise to depart for Milan, where she is to take leading characters at the *Teatro Re*.

## FRENCH THEATRE.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

First Representation of *Phocion*, a Tragedy in Five Acts.

There are heroes who shine with the most glorious splendor in history, who have filled its records with their noble actions, and who yet always fail when it is attempted to bring them on the stage. These fine characters who required a long life to unfold themselves in all their greatness and all their dignity, seldom succeed in interesting us, when they are confined to the short space which is allowed to a dramatic action. As they do not derive their glory from one circumstance, from one event, but from a series of actions, that are always noble from a conduct always irreproachable, the poet, with all his efforts, cannot collect in one point the scattered features of his model; and the imitation which he gives of it, is deficient in strength and truth. If he has the good fortune to vanquish this obstacle, he soon finds another, even in his success. The man who regulates his conduct according to justice and virtue, is impassible; envy, hatred, ill faith, are busy around him; but he remains immovable, and this immobility, though admirable in history, is cold on the stage.



A trait of daring enterprize, a splendid crime, putting more passions in motion, interest and affect us much more. Socrates has several times had the honor of being brought upon the stage, but he has never yet obtained there the applauses or the tears, which his virtues and his death have extorted from all those who have read his history. We are inclined to doubt whether Phocion, who acted a greater part in public affairs, but who was equally simple in his way of life, equally calm in his last moments, will ever experience a better fate. Campistron has already tried in vain to make a tragic hero of him. He has produced only a languishing Drama in verse, the softness of which is not always destitute of elegance.

M. Royou, who is the author of Phocion, which was acted on Tuesday at the Theatre François, has not been much more happy than his predecessor in the plan of his work. He makes the action begin some time after the death of Alexander the Great. Two of his generals, each at the head of an army, are at the gates of Athens, of which they desire to render themselves masters. One of them pretends to be inclined to support the established Government, the other has declared himself the protector of the popular party. One of the Prytanes, named Agonides, who secretly aims at absolute authority, is the chief of this last party. He considers Phocion, who is animated solely by the interest of the country, as the greatest obstacle to his designs; he resolves his ruin, and excites the people against him. At the moment when the scene opens, Phocion communicates to his son the dangers to which he is exposed; he gives him to understand that death will be the reward of his services; and without complaining of the ingratitude of the people to whom he has dedicated his life, he puts him in mind of it, saying,

*Et compter nos héros, c'est compter ses victimes.*

This short sketch contains the whole piece. The situation of Phocion does not change, and the four following acts exhibit only the fluctuations of an enraged populace, who become calm as soon as Phocion shews himself, and angry again when he is absent. In this there was ground for only one scene, and the author has wrought up a very fine one, where Phocion, like Coligny in the Henriade, makes the dagger fall from the hands of some fanatics who come to assassinate him; but other springs should have been invented to keep up the interest through five acts. Those to which M. Royou has recourse are too weak; the character of Olympia, the wife of Phocion, who begs Agonides to save her husband; that of his son, who surprising Agonides alone, threatens to assassinate him, if he does not swear by the statue of Minerva, to give up the intention of ruining his father, and who at the end lets fall his dagger without having obtained an answer; all this is very poor, and far from the dignity of tragedy. Happily the style which is in general nervous and of the good school, sustained the piece till the end. Several verses were enthusiastically and justly applauded. Some critics have already advised the author to cut down his play to

three acts. We are of opinion that he will do well to follow this advice.

#### OPERA ITALIEN.

*First representation of Zaira. Debut of Madame Bertinotti.*

Federici is a composer of considerable reputation, and several pieces in the Opera of Zaira are worthy the most distinguished masters. However, neither the composer nor the score were deemed so classical as to preclude the introduction of certain pieces which can never be listened to without delight. The air in the first act, *Oh! come scorsano tardi*, and the duett between the Sultan and Zaira are the composition of the celebrated Mayer. The brilliant air *Grazie ti rendo o caro*, has been borrowed from Nicolini, and the *cavatina* sung by Nerestan on his entrance is the production of M. Paer. Neither is the overture a portion of Federici's score. It is composed by the husband of the *Debutante*, M. Radicati, whose exquisite performance on the violin, and various vocal and instrumental compositions are held in a high degree of estimation throughout Italy. It may with more justice be styled a pleasing symphony, than an overture.

The attention of the audience was chiefly fixed upon Madame Bertinotti. The amateurs of London and Amsterdam have already rendered justice to the talents of this lady, and from the brilliant success of her debut it is evident that those of Paris will not be behind hand in ratifying the favorable decree.

#### THEATRE ROYAL DE L'ODEON.

*First representation of Les Deux Anglais, a Comedy by M. Merville.*

Can the melancholy and disgraceful mania of Suicide ever belong to the dominion of Comedy? We are almost tempted to answer both Yes and No. Among the ancients, Suicide was extremely rare: Moralists and Poets contended against it with the combined arms of reason and sentiment. Plato invoked against this crime the authority of the law; Cicero called down the voice of Providence, and Virgil that of Religion: but the matter appeared too serious for the pencils of Aristophanes and Terence: in the ages in which they lived, it would have been impossible to discover a shadow of the ridiculous in this last act of frenzy and despair.

In modern times, however, Suicide has become a fashion, a custom, a whim: individuals have been known to put a period to their lives, not with the view of evading misery and opprobrium, but by way of amusement, and as a cure for the *tedium vite*. A man who is sated with every enjoyment, who has no longer a desire for pleasure, a stomach for digestion, nor a taste for the natural affections, and whom fatal doctrines have excluded from hope and the knowledge of futurity, tranquilly reckons on the term of an existence which is a burden to him, and fancies he loses nothing by ending a life, the value of which he appreciates only by the physical sensations which he is no longer able to procure. This madness, however deplorable in its principles, and fatal in its consequences, may nevertheless

be seized by the Comic Muse in the ridiculous point of view in which it is placed by the following epigram:

*"Ci git Jean Rosbif, écuyer,  
Qui se pendit pour se désennuyer."*

A piece, founded on this principle, was recently produced at the *Théâtre des Variétés*. The chief character was a reasonable *Madman*, who, after having fully resolved to put an end to his existence, changes his mind, and is warned by Benevolence and Love, that he did well not to kill himself yesterday evening: he accordingly determines to live, for the sake of continuing the exercise of the one, and obtaining the favours of the other. The same idea prevails in *Les Deux Anglais*, but with different and much more dramatic developments.

Mr. Pearce is a London Merchant of the strictest integrity, who, far from compromising with his conscience, entertains the utmost abhorrence of any act that may cast a stigma on commercial dealings. He may, indeed, with some justice be styled an *ultra-honest* man. But misfortune, which he never would admit as an excuse for dishonesty, overwhelms him in his turn. Owing to the failure of a Correspondent at Plymouth, he loses a vast sum of money at the moment when heavy payments become due upon him. In vain he seeks to conceal the fatal event from the knowledge of his wife and daughters: the indiscreet cupidity of a money-lending Jew acquaints them with the irreparable disaster. Whither can he turn for assistance! All who once overwhelmed him with professions of friendship, now turn their backs upon him in his misfortune. One alone remains faithful—a young man named Williams, who in a few days was to have been married to Nancy, his eldest daughter. Williams offers all he is possessed of, which is at first refused by Pearce, lest he should be suspected of having set a price upon his daughter's hand. Williams proposes to renounce his happiness. But 8000 pounds are insufficient, and Pearce resolves on ending his existence. Whilst musing on the banks of the Thames, he meets Lord Damby, the most wretched happy man in the whole universe. He has an income of five-and-twenty thousand a year; but, at the age of 40, weary of the pleasures of love, ambition, and the table, he resolves to drown himself merely for the sake of change;—it is the best plan he can devise for varying the monotony of life.

The scene between Pearce and Lord Damby is quite new to the stage: the author has skillfully disguised every gloomy and revolting idea, and meriment is the only feeling it excites. My Lord offers to Pearce the sum he stands in need of. Never before did he make so good an application of money. But his determination is unalterably fixed, he vows he will drown himself whenever he shall have saved the life and honour of his new friend. The affair is merely postponed. Pearce, having vainly endeavoured to turn him from his resolution, positively declares that he will not suffer his benefactor to plunge into the water alone, and insists on hearing him company. Damby represents that their situations are totally different, and

tells his thousand  
Pearce is try which leap, is a  
In the ed, by Pe company order for the exec introduc merchan and inv deeply covered beholdi daughte the una interest life. A enliven mined would solution before plungi do so, he to Mania punch This lent, comic His I termi delay and appli senti convi short empl effect both longi deter Dam wat ship who tion atel who bet an tog eac an bel be a  
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tells his new acquaintance that he has a thousand motives for valuing life; but *Pearce* is as obstinate as his Lordship. To try which will make the most dexterous leap, is a point of honour between them.

In the meanwhile the contest is suspended, by *Pearce* proposing that *Damby* shall accompany him home, to deposit in safety the order for the money, before they proceed to the execution of their design. Here he is introduced to the wife and daughters of the merchant, who throw themselves at his feet, and invoke blessings upon him. *Damby* is deeply affected by this scene. He has recovered his heart only to lose it again on beholding the amiable *Betsy*, the youngest daughter of *Pearce*. He is enchanted by the unaffected grace and sensibility of this interesting girl, and is almost reconciled to life. Ah! if *Betsy* would but consent to enliven his existence? But he has determined to drown himself.— Besides, what would *Mr. Pearce* say to so wavering a resolution? *Pearce*, for his part, was never before so happy in the bosom of his family, but he is under the absolute necessity of plunging into the Thames; he has vowed to do so, and what would *My Lord* think, were he to renounce his intention? The two Maniacs, whilst partaking of a bowl of punch, confirm themselves in their design. This scene, the idea of which is excellent, and the dialogue highly natural and comic, decided the success of the piece. His Lordship, who is by far the least determined of the two, sees no harm in a little delay. He accepts a bed at *Pearce's* house; and night, to which the Greeks with justice applied the epithet of *Good Adviser*, representing to his imagination the form of *Betsy*, convinces him how wrong it would be to shorten a life which he may so agreeably employ. Sleep produces nearly the same effect upon *Pearce*, but shame induces them both to affect a resolution which they no longer entertain. They each profess their determination to die, but to die alone.— *Damby* recommends that *Pearce* shall be watched, and *Pearce* orders that his Lordship shall be strictly looked after. The whole family are filled with alarm; questions, persuasions, and entreaties immediately ensue, and the secret, we know not whether to style it dreadful or laughable, is betrayed by *Damby*. All danger is now at an end; *Damby* and *Pearce*, instead of dying together, think it infinitely better to live in each other's society. His Lordship makes an offer of his hand to *Betsy*, who has not beheld without interest the preserver of her beloved father, and the day is terminated by a double union.

#### DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

[Intended as a Record of Facts and not of Opinions.]

It is with no common gratification that we can announce, from information personally acquired, that the harvest in Germany and France is one of the most plentiful in the memory of man.

The price of grain is falling rapidly all

over the Continent, and there is every prospect, with God's blessing, that the crops of the present autumn will be almost sufficient for two years consumption. In our native land there is also every prospect of abundance.

It appears by accounts in the *Ham-burgh Papers*, that a rather serious misunderstanding has existed between Russia and the Porte. The nature of it does not transpire; but it is evident that whatever were the demands of the Russian Government, they were very peremptorily urged through the ambassador, Count Stroganoff, and in the end complied with: the Divan, after six weeks discussion, submitted to the sacrifices required, rather than embrace the other alternative, a war with Russia. The same journals notice that the commercial treaty between Russia and Sweden is extended to the end of the year, and their intercourse consequently remains on the same footing as before.

A paragraph in the *Berlin Papers* states, that an enlargement of the commercial system is about to take place, by which the importation of foreign merchandize will be generally permitted; but heavy duties are laid on those articles least wanted, or the cultivation and manufacture of which is wished to be encouraged in the Prussian dominions. In Sweden, on the contrary, some most ludicrous anti-commercial resolves have emanated from a spirit worthy of 1417.

The *Francfort Diet* has adjourned to the 3rd of November.

The French Government has succeeded in effecting another loan of three millions. The chief contractors are the same as in the last, including the London house of Baring and Co.; and the terms are considered very advantageous to the parties. The French funds have risen considerably, and the English fallen, in consequence of this accommodation. Mr. Baring had an interview with the Duke of Wellington at Paris; and on Friday his Grace, accompanied by his suite, set out for his country residence at Cambray, where the Duchess and his family are. Several persons have been condemned to death, for treasonable practices, in the Department of the Seine and Marne—others have been arrested in Paris.

Some of the daily Papers occupy their columns largely with intelligence from the Spanish main, and long accounts of battles in which three or four hundred men on a side were engaged. It seems upon the whole that the insurgents under Bolivar have been successful in Venezuela and Guyana. Other expeditions are fitting out in Spain. Troops are also

being dispatched from Lisbon to the Brazil.

The King of Portugal was to be crowned at Rio on the 21st of June.

General Lacy was reported to have been shot at Majorca on the 5th ult.; but more credible accounts say that his sentence is commuted for perpetual imprisonment in that island.

We believe there can be no doubt but that a Mahratta war is on the eve of breaking out in India. The Pindarees have become audaciously free in their plundering inroads into the territories of our Native Allies. The British army in the field is represented as one of the most effective that ever the plains of Hindostan witnessed.

Lord Stewart, the British Ambassador, has arrived in London from Vienna. Lord Castlereagh has had his hand badly lacerated by the bite of a vicious dog at Fooks Cray.

Mr. Cooke, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has resigned, and is succeeded by Mr. Planta.

Lord Amherst arrived at Spithead on Wednesday from China.

A part of a staircase in the new Custom-House was blown up on Monday by the accidental explosion of some gas for lighting it.

The Duchess of Modena was on the 15th ult. delivered of a Princess.

#### VARIETIES.

If Artists are well paid in London, says a Parisian Opera Critic, they are better appreciated in Paris; and the preference which in England is shown to *Signor Ambrogetti* to the prejudice of *Crielli*, argues less against the talent of the latter, than the musical knowledge of his judges. A *Gastrograph*, who attributes all the passions and judgments of mankind to the choice of their food, a few days ago accounted for this circumstance by observing, that *table-beer* and *porter* were less calculated to dispose the brain for the enjoyment of the charms of harmony, than the light vapours of Burgundy and Champaign.

**LUSUS NATURÆ.**—At Lingycleugh, in the parish of Canneby, Dumfriesshire, a white crow was hatched in the rookery of — *Lo-max, Esq.*; and not only were the feathers white, but even the feet, the beak, and the eyes! This ornithological anomaly was terribly persecuted by his sable brethren.

One of those extraordinary and destructive phenomena of nature, a water-spout, burst over the village of Wallenbeck, near New Munster, on the 11th ult. and either entirely destroyed or materially injured about twenty houses.—On the 4th two shocks of earthquake were distinctly felt at Barcelona. There was an interval of nearly two hours between them.